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The Imagery of a Pool

I STOOD by an eddying pool one day,  
Where wavering boughs in their graceful way,  
Were shading the cool sweet water beneath,  
And kissing a whirl with a tender leaf;

Through these green boughs drooped a golden beam,  
Which scattered in many a slanting stream,  
And the golden and green were mixed together,  
Like a lovely thought from the summer weather;

And flowers of azure and golden hue  
On the bank of that pool in plenty grew,  
Whilst a lisp rose out of the gentle swell,  
With a fairy song of a silver bell.

But a lovelier bloom was bright to me,  
In the midst of the verdure and melody,  
As I watched the whirls of the dimpling brook,  
And the lone caress in that summer nook,

As if Psyche had strayed by that stream's recess  
To gaze at her own sweet loveliness,  
Till the flowers and nature wooed her there,  
And had captured her charms for their own to wear;

For a spirit of love filled that sweet place,  
And the flowers had taken from her their grace,  
And the dimpling brook as it glimmered by  
Flashed up her laugh, with its silver sigh.

*Louis Woodruff Wallner.*

## College Days of Alexander Hamilton

IT is a significant fact that the majority of our great statesmen have been college bred. Striking exceptions may of course be cited: the Missouri Compromise and the emancipation of the slaves were effected by intellectual giants whose training was acquired in the school of hard experience. But for the most part the leaders in our national progress have been college men. They were not great because of this experience: they were greater men than they would have been without it. College life lengthened their perspectives, developed their intellectuality, intensified their sympathies. The oratory of Webster was more finished, the statesmanship of Seward was more enlightened, the financiering of Chase was more deeply founded, because of those four years of discipline and culture. And to the brief time spent at Kings College, Alexander Hamilton owed much of the success of his later career. Yet with him the curriculum was the least important factor, since, indeed, the political atmosphere of the day was too tense for the undisturbed pursuit of Greek and philosophy. College meant for Hamilton contact with burning questions, opportunity, a locus operandi. It brought him from the placidity of a southern counting house to the turbulence of a revolution and revealed the genius that was latent within him.

In the fall of 1773 we find him applying to Dr. Witherspoon for admittance to Princeton. He desired to enter on somewhat unusual terms for he requested that he be allowed to mount from class to class as speedily as he mastered the particular studies of each year. The novel application was denied. The established rules of the college could not recognize such a request; but Dr. Witherspoon, while refusing to grant the petition, expressed his regret "inasmuch as he was convinced that the young gentleman would do honor to any seminary in which he should be educated." If Ham-

ilton had succeeded in entering Princeton, it is more than possible that the fatal duel would never have occurred. Burr, ambitious and even unscrupulous though he was, would probably not have sought the life of a college mate. Unhappily, Hamilton entered Kings College in the same year.

The college was a large, square-built structure, situated near modern Barclay Street and only a stone's throw from the river. Nearby was an elm grove with a shaded path winding through it. This became the favorite haunt of the lad. Every day the slight, boyish figure was seen walking slowly back and forth, book in hand, muttering to himself as he went. He preferred solitude that he might ponder on the national problems that were demanding more and more insistently to be heard.

Although he was often alone, he was frank in his advances to his classmates and made many lasting friendships. His room-mate was Robert Troup with whom in later years he was destined to lead the final assault at Yorktown. Edward Sterns was another lifelong friend and Nicholas Fisk, whose son was to be one of the first governors of New York state. These four formed a debating club and often argued far into the night concerning the relations of America to the mother country.

At first Hamilton defended the crown. He had an inborn reverence for law and asserted that the colonies were in duty bound to respect the wishes of the king. But if the youth revered law he possessed also a very clear conception of justice. In the forcing of America to be the market for English commerce; in the refusal to grant the colonists representation in Parliament; and in the denial to them of the right of trial by jury, he could not help recognizing the mailed gauntlet of tyranny, once having realized that the king was not a beneficent patron but a bigoted oppressor, his whole nature revolted at the injustice and thrilled in sympathy for the patriots.

An opportunity was soon given publicly to identify him-

self with their cause. The passage of the Boston Port Bill had aroused the entire country to action. In New York City a committee was to be appointed for the public defense. For this purpose a mass-meeting was convoked in the fields near the college. Hamilton, standing in the rear, was an eager listener to the speeches and toward the close of the meeting he was heard to remark that a great deal had been left unsaid. As the last speaker finished, the young collegian moved by a sudden impulse pushed through the crowd and ascended the platform. The people were astonished at the effrontery of the youth and smiled at his first, faltering words. Soon their laughter ceased. Nicholas Fish writes that the audience was spell-bound by the convincing logic and fervor of the lad and at the close many of the mechanics ejaculated: "It is a collegian! It is a collegian!"

Macaulay's description of the effect made by Somers in the case of the Seven Bishops well describes the impression resulting from the first appearance of Hamilton before the public. "Somers rose last. He spoke little more than five minutes but every word was full of weighty matter; and when he sat down his reputation as an orator and a constitutional lawyer was established."

Passing events soon brought the young student into still farther prominence. On the 5th of September the first Continental Congress assembled. Its action was deliberate but determined. It decided that unless the colonies should be represented in Parliament no English goods should be imported into the colonies and no American goods should be exported to England. This procedure at once crystallized all American disputants into two distinct parties, and in New York City the mutual hostility was intense. Among the leaders of the loyalists was Dr. Samuel Seabury, a distinguished churchman and a writer of considerable reputation. In a tract signed A. W. Farmer he attacked the resolutions of the Continental Congress, arguing with great skill against the justice of their opposition to the crown.

The tract was widely read and the patriots soon realized that unless the arguments were speedily refuted their cause must inevitably be injured. After a short interval a reply appeared in the form of a pamphlet entitled: "A Full Vindication of the Measures of the Congress from the Calumnies of their Enemies, in Answer to a Letter under the Signature of A. W. Farmer." The pamphlet began by stating the issue in a few clear words, and then, after showing that the course pursued by Parliament was not hasty or the result of inconsideration, the writer vindicated with forceful logic the recent procedure of Congress and concluded by outlining a scheme for the protection of home industries. The article was eagerly read and such was the convincing power of its arguments that the tide of popular retrogression was stemmed and turned strongly toward the side of patriotism.

Much speculation was aroused as to the name of the author. The style, the familiarity with the principles of government and the deep political philosophy displayed, stamped it as the work of some leading statesman. Dr. Cooper, then president of Kings College, insisted that only Jay could have been the author. When the discovery was made that a Sophomore, a mere stripling of eighteen, had written it, Dr. Cooper could not believe it and was only persuaded by the testimony of Robert Troup, who affirmed that "Hamilton wrote the answers when he and I occupied the same room and I read them before they were sent to the press."

The abilities of Hamilton as an orator and a political writer now became generally recognized; indeed, he came to be regarded by his compatriots as an oracle. During the next few months he labored incessantly, now writing pamphlets and newspaper articles, now addressing popular conventions, every effort being characterized by the same boyish enthusiasm tempered by an incisiveness of thought and a powerful grasp of his subject.

While events were thus developing his abilities, an inci-

dent occurred that throws a still fuller light upon his force of character. H. M. S. *Asia* had fired upon the city, injuring persons and property. An enraged crowd filled the streets, and seeking revenge for this insult, determined to wreak their vengeance on Dr. Cooper, who was a prominent Tory leader. Sweeping up Broadway they came to the college building. Hamilton, determined to protect his friend, met them at the gate. As the crowd surged forward with cries of "Death to Peter Cooper! Death to the Tory!" the lad barred the way. With upraised hand and flashing eye, he stopped them, and then pleaded, argued, commanded so irresistibly that the mob, convinced, withdrew, and the life of the college president was spared. In this incident were revealed the qualities that made him a leader of men and a master of crises. The same courage that led him to face a determined mob, kept him at the front in the battles of Princeton, Monmouth, and Yorktown. The same persuasive power that turned back the mob, won in later years the ratification by New York State of the Constitution when, after combating a majority under Melancthon for thirty-eight days, he completely overcame the opposition and secured the adoption. The same resorucefulness and ingenuity supplied the motive power of a financial system when the machine of government, framed in the convention of 1786, stood finished but helpless.

The cloud of war which had grown increasingly black at last broke and Kings College was converted into a hospital. Hamilton speedily enlisted a company of artillery men and joining the Continental force, was first brought under the eye of Washington at the battle of Long Island.

Although his two college years were devoid, in large measure, of the usual benefits acquired in an academic training, yet, in allying Hamilton to the patriot cause and in affording opportunity for the development of his remarkable abilities as a statesman, they must be regarded as the crucial period of his life.

*Charles Spencer Richardson.*

## A Canal Episode

THE first of the two canal boats was heading straight for the ponderous jaws of the five foot lock. The man at the wheel pushed his hat back from his forehead, mopped his face with a red bandanna and swung the helm down to a point which long practice had taught him to know with remarkable nicety. He was noticeably stout, rather bald and, what was truly wonderful, neat and uncomfortable in a brand new suit of "store clothes."

"Hey, Bill!" he shouted, seemingly to no one in particular. A grunt from a hole in the deck immediately behind him indicated that his remarks were not altogether unappreciated.

"Hey, Bill," called the captain again, "I do n't see her yet."

"See who?" came in muffled tones from the cabin.

"W'y that 'ere girl o' mine—the one wot I 'm a-goin' t' marry."

"W'ich girl wot y' re a-goin' t' marry? Y' re always a-goin' t' marry some widdy or other."

"Aw, say, Bill!" he said in plaintive protest, but he flushed to the ears at the charge, nevertheless. After a short pause "This here 's the one at Montezuma."

"Well, wot y' lookin' fur her *here* fur? This here aint Montezuma, this is Clyde. 'Re y' gettin' dotty 'n y'r old age?" The captain moved uneasily at this charge of decrepitude and passed a grimy hand over his head, perhaps to see how bald he really was.

"Bill, you aint had 'nough sleep! She aint at Montezuma *now*, she is at Clyde, an' she 's a-comin' on to *go* to Montezuma—there she is *now*."

"Comin' on! Comin' on wot?" A face appeared from the hole in the deck, white and fluffy with lather, showing a long, pink line where the razor its owner flourished in one hand but recently passed.

"Comin' on this here boat." The captain stared straight ahead, as if absorbed in a difficult bit of steering, which, considering the fact that it consisted mainly of holding the wheel perfectly still, may have been a mere pretence. "She 's a-waitin' fur us now." He pointed to the white-dressed figure of a young lady, rather small, well rounded, with black hair and soft dark eyes, standing on the edge of the lock, waving a handkerchief. The man addressed as Bill gave this apparition one fleeting glance and disappeared beneath the deck. The captain, however, waved his bandanna and smiled the bland, inane grin of a middle-aged man in love for the first time. The gates closed behind the first of the two boats which constituted the captain's fleet, and that official clambered out onto the wall.

"O George!" cooed the girl. The loafers standing about snickered and a hoarse guffaw came from the cabin of the boat. The captain, crimson with embarrassment, helped his charge to the deck and led her forward to watch the water recede from under the boat. The ordeal was not a pleasant one for George, but his companion seemed oblivious to the nods and nudges of the watchers. When at last the caravan was on its way, the captain breathed a sigh of relief. He stood at the wheel and began to point out, with conscious pride, the virtues of the aged scows under his command.

This performance was interrupted by the appearance of the mate, clean shaven and still wet about the hair. The visitor turned at the sound of his approach, gave him one look, lost color slightly and pointed beyond him to the rear boat.

"George, dear," with the accent aggressively upon the last word, "who sleeps in the cabin of that boat?"

"There? O the boy and the mules sleeps there."

"Is that the boy?" She pointed innocently to the mate.

"No—O no. He 's the mate. Bill, this here 's Miss Budd—Miss Cynthiar Budd."

"I-a-o-a-yes-a—"

"Is he always that way?"

"Never saw him like it before. Wot 's the matter with y' Bill?" asked his superior with tender solicitude, "Half the girls along the big ditch would n't know ye 'f they seen y' now."

"Mr.—Mr.—"

"Barns," interposed the captain.

"Mr. Barns seems shy." She smiled sweetly at the butt of this raillery.

"Never was afore now — leastwise not 'ith women." The captain spoke with the hesitancy of one defending a doubtful case, while the subject of this conversation shifted his feet with a growing sense of discomfort. There was an awkward silence. A pair of boats, running light, appeared around a bend and hailed.

"Here, take the wheel, Bill," said the captain, glad of the opportunity to escape for a moment or two. He ran puffing to the front of his boat to watch his tow rope and from that point of vantage carried on a running fire of conversation with the passing barges, in which current canal history for the past year was briefly reviewed. Bill was left alone with the girl. He looked at her with open-eyed amazement.

"You! Well I—"

"O you need n't talk! 'Half the girls along the big ditch' indeed! Flirt!" The scorn of her tone was cutting. She turned her back upon him and watched the passing boats.

"But, Cyn., it aint true," he lied brazenly. "None of 'em could touch you."

"O, so you do know them all. I 'll thank you not to call me by first name again, *Mister Barns*."

To say that the mate was taken aback would be usual, but would scarcely express his frame of mind. He gasped. Only the return of the captain saved him from he knew not what.

"*Aint it hot!*" remarked George, by way of stimulus to the conversation, which seemed to be languishing.

"*Is it?*" asked Bill with irony, "*I* thought that was a icicle on the end 'f y'r nose." The captain wiped off the offending bead of perspiration. Miss Budd came to the rescue.

"Mr. Barns has been telling me about his girls."

"He could n't 'a' told you half in that time," nodded the captain. The remark was made with the air of one grudgingly giving the devil his due. The mate spat expressively into the canal and looked infinite contempt at his superior.

"Sick, Bill?" asked the unconscious captain, "y' 'ld better tackle that bottle o' yourn again." There was another awkward silence. The ripple of the water came faint and steady. The sun was slowly moving westward and the heat was becoming less oppressive.

"Pretty country, said the mate at last, to no one in particular. Miss Budd's eyes swept the broad expanse of uninteresting marsh land.

"I do n't think so," she remarked, critically.

"It *is* kind o' flat, Bill," apologized the captain.

"O, very well," said the mate. "I was just a-tryin' to be agreeable."

The silence that followed this sally was truly uncomfortable. Far ahead a lock appeared. The captain took the wheel and steered the boat into the gates. The mate maintained a belligerent attitude and added nothing to the conversation. Well into the lock, the captain left the two together again and went to attend to the business in hand. With no one else to amuse her, Cynthia was forced to waste her charms upon the unappreciative mate.

"What have you been doing since last you stopped off in Montezuma, *Mister Barns*?"

"Look a-here, Cyn., you had n't ought to 'a' treated me that way."

"What way? Really, Mr. Barns, I do n't know what you mean."

"Oh yes y' do." A silence.

"Anyway, it was *your* fault." The lock gates had been pushed shut.

"Want t' come off fur a minute?" called the captain.

"Will—will you help me?" asked Cynthia, sweetly, turning to the mate. She extended a hesitating hand and Bill dragged her ashore. He watched her walk toward the lower end of the lock with eyes of longing. Suddenly, he slapped his leg with his hand and a moment later was in earnest conversation with the boy who drove the mules. As the first boat passed out of the gates, he pressed a jack-knife into the boy's hand and hastened to the side of the now-deserted Miss Budd.

"How am I to get back on the boat again?" she asked.

"Get on the second one, here, an' wait till we tie 'em together," was the prompt explanation. So when the second barge was ready for its descent, they scrambled aboard. As scows drew together outside the gates Cynthia would have made the change.

"Wait till we tie 'em together," warned the captain, "you stay right on that there boat. Here, Bill, you fix 'em an' I 'll run up and hook this on." He caught up the end of the tow rope and started toward the forward end of the barge. The boy began to drive the mules ahead to take up the slack. Bill worked slowly at his job of fastening the scows together.

"All right?" shouted the captain from the front of the boat. Bill bent over his task as if he did not hear. The boy turned his face up the tow path and started his mules again. The rope rose out of the water with a swish, pulled taught, sagged back and the little waves began to gurgle around the hippopotamus-nose of the first boat. The second boat stood still. As the gap between the two widened, Cynthia shrieked. Bill shouted incoherently, paused a moment, made a flying leap and stood on the bow of the second boat just a moment be-

fore the connecting ropes pulled tight and left the barges six feet apart, forming a procession down the canal. The captain turned at the sound of the shriek and stood dumbfounded at the sight which met his gaze. The boats were moving steadily enough, but six feet of water separated him from his fiancée and his mate—not to speak of half his worldly possessions. As the deranged steering gear let the boats grind against the bottom of the embankment, his first impulse was to jump ashore. But for one of his size and age such a step would be perilous. Next, he called to the boy to stop the mules, trudging slowly along the hot path, but a breath of wind lifted for a moment the curtain of dust and exhibited the boy mounted on one of his charges, his head on the animal's neck, to all intents and purposes fast asleep.

Then indeed did the situation come home to the captain. For a moment he was silent, his face growing rapidly purple. When the explosion came, Miss Budd stopped her ears and turned crimson.

"George," said the mate reprovingly, "your langwidge is shockin'. "I 'm su'prised at you."

The captain grew purple again.

"O stop him!" cried Miss Budd in terror. But the explosion did not come. With difficulty the captain restrained himself. He choked twice before he spoke.

"Bill," he said, "wot in hell did y' do that fur. I asks y', *wot* was y'r objeck. 'Re you a canaler or 're you a dum fool? Aint y' got *no* sense?" The plaintive tone with which he ended this address sent his intended into a fit of uncontrollable laughter. Bill took the matter to heart.

"Look a-here, Cap., I never said I was ready—y' done it y'rself. Aint you ashamed to talk like that—and 'fore a lady, too. I never would 'a' thought it of y'!"

"Well wot was the rope off 'n the wheel fur anyway—I asks y' *that*, wot was it off fur?"

"I was a goin' to show Miss Budd, here, how the boats

steered, an' ye' did n't gi' me time t' put the rope back on again. Cussin' aint a-goin to do no good—wot y' standin' there like a ninny fur—y' ll beat the bottom out o' y'r old scow. Grab a-holt o' that towpath-side rope. Miss Budd, you run back and push the tiller as fur towards the shore 's y' can." The two obeyed mechanically. "Now, Cap., when the boat swings 'round, I 'll take a turn 'round this here block an' that 'll keep your boat off 'n the ground. We 'll mind ours." As the nose of the second barge swung out, Bill grasped the rope. The captain also took hold from his end. The stern of the following boat struck the embankment just as the captain got his grip. Bill looped the slack over the hook, but Cynthia, startled by the shock let go the tiller and the rope snapped fast, catching the captain's fingers against the edge of the deck.

For five long minutes the conversation was monopolized by the outraged captain, and his forceful, though perhaps inelegant, remarks included the universe and its maker in their scope. The feelings of Cynthia passed from remorse to indignation and from indignation to mirth. Bill hastened to her assistance and together they shook with laughter at the sight of the pitiful figure of the captain blowing on his fingers between anathemas directed against all alike. By assiduously sticking to the tiller of the rear barge, Bill kept the two boats off shore, making capital of the situation, however, by pretending to require the assistance of his companion. The portion of labor assigned to her consisted mainly in placing her hands very near to his on the tiller, a judicious twist being given the steering gear from time to time as an occasional reminder of her utility. The captain, as may be readily imagined, failed to appreciate the advantages of the arrangement. Having nothing else to do, he sat on the stern of the forward boat and visibly fumed at the complacency of those who were separated from him by the irony of fate and a little over a boat's length. Ignorant of the lack of cordiality between the

others he argued the worst from their proximity. It became evident, the more he thought, that some action must be taken and that quickly.

"Hey, Bill," he called, at length, "I guess I'll jump."

"Here, do n't do that. Aint you all right there? The water aint deep, but 'f y' fall under the boat, y' 'll be drowned sure."

The captain paused on the brink and considered the prospect. He shook his head. Suddenly his face lighted up. Plunging into the cabin he reappeared with a box. Another trip disclosed another box and finally a third was added to the heap. The two on the rear boat watched these maneuvers with silent curiosity. The captain stacked the boxes one upon the other. Just at that moment, a bend in the canal disclosed a bridge ahead.

Cynthia looked inquiringly at her companion, but there was no doubt in his face.

"He 'll grab the bridge, hang on, an' drop to our boat." He did not speak with the enthusiasm that might have been expected—in fact, he sighed. Cynthia had loosened her hold upon the tiller and stood watching the captain constructing his miniature tower of Babel. Bill noticed only the fact that her warm hands were no longer near his. A twitch to the rudder, and the forward boat thumped against the bank. The captain had just succeeded in balancing himself atop of the boxes when the shock came. A moment later, he picked himself up from the deck and began to re-pile his edifice with feverish haste, not even stopping to comment upon the accident. The bridge was drawing near. The captain glanced vindictively at the others, clambered hastily to the top of his heap, and, as the nose of the forward boat passed into the shadow of the bridge, caught one of the girders and hung suspended in mid-air. Such natural beauty as he might have possessed was scarcely enhanced by this original pose. The gaze of the two on the after boat was riveted upon his swaying figure, noting

with undisguised amusement his store clothes pulled ridiculously out of shape, his face purple with congestion and the long wisp of grey hair, which had been carefully adjusted with a view to concealing his baldness, hanging rougishly over his right eye. Both had forgotten the tiller, but as the moments passed and the figure rapidly approached, Bill noticed that the boat had swung around and that the captain was hanging not over the boat but above the water. Cynthia was gazing in innocent fascination at the captain, but she had pushed the tiller hard down and was standing against it.

The captain's face was a study, but a brief one. In three minutes the barges had passed under the bridge and left the redoubtable George struggling with his fate. He twisted in a vain attempt to gain a foot-hold on the bridge, realized that he had already wearied his arms too much, looked into the water with unfeigned terror and finally, naturally enough, decided to hold on as long as possible, without exactly knowing what miracle to expect.

Meanwhile the barges proceeded on their way without him. Their occupants watched him swing for fully five minutes, then he threw his hands and feet wide, like a stuffed jumping-jack, and splashed into the canal. Shortly afterward, wet and bedraggled, he crawled out upon the tow-path and sat disconsolately on the grassy bank. As far as his watchers could see, he stood up from time to time and shook his fist at the truant couple.

Bill looked speechlessly at Miss Budd. She gazed out over the marshy flats in silent embarrassment. Nothing was said. The sun was rapidly sinking, and shone, now, a great red ball, balanced above some far off trees. Across the fields, toward the Mohawk, the shadows were long and scarcely perceptible. The mosquitoes that haunt the lowlands about Montezuma began to be an important factor in the situation, as did also the evening dampness. Cynthia shivered. Bill was lighting a pipe to smoke off marauding

insects. Cynthia glanced at him and shivered again, more ostentatiously.

"Are you cold?" he asked.

"O my, no!"

Bill puffed reflectively on his pipe. He noticed that the mosquitoes were biting through her thin dress. She shivered again.

"Do n't you want my coat?"

"By no means! I would n't deprive you."

Bill looked her over from head to foot, shrugged his shoulders, and gave a shrill whistle. The boy driving the mules turned, then stopped. As he did so, the boats drew together. Bill ran forward, sprang onto the front boat, wound the connecting rope several times about the windlass, passed it through the block and fastened it onto the rear boat again, tying the scows close together once more.

"All right!" he shouted. The mules started, and with them the barges. Cynthia watched in open-eyed amazement.

"You—you could have done that any time?" she asked, breathlessly, when she had come to where he was standing at the wheel.

"Yes," he answered simply.

"And you did n't do it? You—you brute!"

"Mebbe," said Bill. He puffed on his pipe for a moment. "Mebbe so. Anyhow I did n't push the tiller down an' drop the man I was a-goin' to marry into the ditch."

"You think I did that!" cried Cynthia.

"I do n't think nothin' about it. I *know* y' did."

There was a pause.

"Well?" she queried.

"Well wot?" Bill looked up curiously. Her back was turned and she was staring over the edge of the boat into the water. The line of her slightly bent neck, with curls of jet black hair setting off its whiteness was maddening. His expression changed as he watched her. He dropped the wheel.

"Look a-here, Cyn.—"

She turned toward him. Her cheeks were scarlet.

"Well?" she said again.

But he asked no questions this time.

*Pax. P. Hibben.*

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### Ruy Blas

O QUEEN,  
For Thou art strong,  
And down the glimmering road  
That seems so dim to me  
Thine eyes reach far and fair—  
Because Thy heart must know  
What I have lived, and pity,  
Stretch out Thy hand,  
That I may kiss Thy finger-tips  
And look into Thine eyes  
This one time more — the last !

O Queen,  
Yet art Thou kind !  
For Thou hast helped me kill  
My heart, and now I start  
Upon my way again  
With shoulders back and head  
Erect — indifferent —  
With new-found strength  
To fight back images of things  
Long past, but once so dear !  
Ah, Queen — my heart is dead !

*Pax. P. Hibben.*

## The Music of Chopin

IT was the prophecy of Liszt that Chopin's fame would be of the future. This prophecy has, in a measure, been fulfilled, although his popularity as a composer is still steadily growing. True as this may be, however, it is a fact that his popularity has not increased in proportion to his worth, and the time has yet to come when he shall be ranked as the equal of Bach or Beethoven.

Among many reasons for this condition is the knowledge that he wrote for the piano-forte instead of for the orchestra. Liszt remarks in this connection: "The value of the sketches made by Chopin's extremely delicate pencil has not yet been acknowledged and emphasized sufficiently. It has become customary in our days to regard, as great composers, only those who have written at least half a dozen operas, as many oratorios, and several symphonies."

It is an acknowledged fact that the Germans to-day are the undoubted leaders among the nations in musical affairs. This, too, will account for Chopin's lack of popularity when we consider the natural antipathy between the Teutonic and Slavic minds.

Chopin's music is characterized by great individuality because he put his whole soul into its composition. A Pole by birth, he was possessed of a romantic and passionate disposition. "He shut himself up in his room for days," says George Sand, "weeping, walking about, breaking his pen, repeating and changing" . . . So this man was most able to produce the dreamy, exotic music that made him famous, the études, the nocturnes, the mazurkas, scherzos and ballads that contribute so much to the literature of music.

The portrayal of his character in his music and particularly of his passionate nature is shown in his use of the *tempo rubato*, by frequent unexpected changes of time and rhythm, together with the *ritardandos* and *accelerandos*.

Chopin used this *tempo rubato* in order to release his music from the tyranny of bars and measures and it is not to be confounded with the *rubato* of Richard Wagner, which was essentially dramatic and not emotional in its effect. More than this, he believed that another means of obtaining emotional results was in the use of modulations, and he employed this means with consummate skill. His idea seemed to be that modulation was a deeper source of emotional expression than melody.

Chopin's music, then, is the music of the soul. Major and minor harmonic combinations follow close upon each other, either in sparkling arpeggios or in soft bell-like chords, just as a glad thought is followed by a sad thought, or a happy memory is clouded by an unpleasant one. This, in passing, is a national characteristic of the Slavic mind, the constant change of mood and antitheses of mental conditions, and is illustrated so aptly by no other composer, unless it be Edouard Grieg.

This is well illustrated in the well-known "Marche Funèbre," with its legion of harmonic overtones, major following minor, its solemn drum-beat of coming doom, its message of hope in the major key and the return to the solemn first theme. This whole march may be compared to Keats' poem of "La Belle Dame Sans Merci," in which after a long digression, the strain returns to the verse:

"And this is why I sojourn here,  
Alone and palely loitering,  
Though the sedge is withered from the lake,  
And no birds sing."

About the time that Chopin came to Paris, Victor Hugo was beginning his attacks upon Classicism. The foreigner found his sympathies enlisted upon the side of the Romanticists, and in such associations was better enabled to break away from the bonds of all former musical procedure. And it is just this very thing that charms in his music. Instances of this tendency are not uncommon,

especially in the ballads and nocturnes where he enlarges upon his melody by the bold employment of modulations and *fioriture*, or a spray of grace-notes descending upon the prominent portion of the melody. Thus in the well-known E major nocturne, opus 62, the melody runs along for nearly a page, and after a slight incident recurs, enhanced by a shower of arpeggios and modulations. By the use of these *fioriture* Chopin was accustomed to illumine his melody.

His nocturnes have been said to illustrate the melancholy side of his character, but it would seem better to say that they serve to show forth the dreamy phase of his nature and that in his études and preludes is found all the pathos and sadness that was within him. Indeed, his was a heritage of melancholy. The Poles, his native people, had for many years suffered under the heavy yoke of political oppression and had become, as a nation, deeply imbued with sadness. It is a known fact that they were accustomed to dance to strains in the minor key. Apart from this influence, however, Chopin had abundant reasons for being, himself, heavy of heart. He was three times disappointed in love affairs and was naturally of so despondent and unhappy a temperament as to feel deeply the slights of his inamoratae. It is in dance music, however, that Chopin realizes his destiny. It is not music that can be danced to, for the *tempo rubato* would forbid that, but it is music that stirs every nerve and fibre to action, music that seems to sway with the motion of the body. The waltzes are amorous, the polonaises sprightly, the mazurkas abounding in exquisite details of melody and rhythm. Taking them as a whole, they have never been surpassed in perfection of construction, delicacy of tone and originality of thought.

*Raymond Boileau Mixsell.*

## The Redemptioners

I WAS ever a wayward lad, fond of the chase and all out-doors, with never a thought save for the points of a horse or the training of a falcon. Small taste had I for musty book-learning, so that many was the tongue-lashing I received from my good master Morrison (God rest his soul!) when I scratched my dull pate seeking the declension—or mayhap 't was conjugation—of some Latin verb, or else a bit of rhyming doggerel which he had set me to learn. Yet withal he loved me as his own son, and oftentimes he had saved me from my father's wrath by his intercessions.

For my father I had small love (and I own I blush not to say it) since never a word had he spoken to me save in reproof, and kindness at his hands I had never known. 'T was even said at the manor house that he had smiled not once since that day on which my mother had died, when I came into the world. So small wonder is it that I grew up careless and thoughtless, wandering much through the forest with only my dog and rod for companions, thinking but little on what the future might have in store for me in the great world outside.

Thus I lived on aimlessly month by month and year by year, learning little that was good for one of my age, and yet much that was bad, until there came that which changed the whole course of my life and brought me here to this new world. Well do I remember that afternoon, even as though 't were yesterday. 'T was in the spring of the year, when the leaves of the trees danced in the breeze and the birds carolled for very joy of life, so fair was the time and so smiling the sun. I had wandered far along the bank of the stream which crossed through my father's manor, giving little heed to what passed around me, until of a sudden, as I followed a turning of the rivulet, I came upon that which made me stop still, a-gaping like the great

country clown that I was. For what I saw before me was none other than a young maid, fairer than any court lady or great dame mine eyes had yet seen, gazing piteously at the waters before her. The sun shining upon her great mass of hair made her head to me as though crowned with molten gold, while her cheeks were like the peach-blow — only fairer, so it seemed. The blue of the sky itself was reflected in her eyes, and withal she had the wondrous dark eyebrows of the southland of which Master Morrison — for he had been to the wars — had told me. As I stood there looking upon her she turned her head slowly and started somewhat when she discovered me. And I, remembering at last my manners, doffed my hat with a deep bow, saying:

“Would, fair maid, that I might be of some service to you, like as a knight to his lady.”

“Would that I were on yonder side of this stream, where my father’s house be,” she answered me.

“Then of a surety that you shall be,” quoth I, and ere she had space of time to say me nay I had lifted her in my arms and was striding right manfully through waters up to my knees. Never did man have fairer burden, and as I saw the blushes creep over her cheeks and felt her soft hair blown against my face, my head swam for joy, so that before I knew I had kissed her lips even as I set her down on the other bank.

“Have you no manners, Master Impudence? Then I’ll teach you them!” she cried out, stamping her foot, and like a flash she had pushed me backwards into the river again, where I floundered, spluttering and splashing. When once more I had regained the bank, wet and somewhat crestfallen, my maid was nowhere to be seen, nor could I find her again that day.

Long days did I spend thenceforward in search of her, riding hither and thither through the country side, yet never a word nor a glance did I get of my mocker. I had

well nigh given up in despair when one day as I rode along a forgotten by-way there came to mine ears the sound of singing, such that caused my heart to beat faster at every note. Straightway I dug the cruel spurs into my horse's flanks, and ere many seconds had passed I leapt from his back and was standing again beside my maid. She looked on me pityingly with an odd little smile, and said:

"So! 'Tis the silly lad once more! Am I never to be rid of this plague?"

"'Plague,' an' you will have it so," I answered her stoutly. "But never again shall you be rid of me till you have listened to my say."

"Nay, not so fast, Master Crack-brained. Tell me first what is this childishness to which I must perforce listen, whether I will or no?"

"'Tis much that has been in my heart these many days," I said. "Wilt listen?"

She stood a moment gazing at me, tapping her foot. Then she smiled once more and spoke again.

"Aye," she answered me slowly, seating herself on a grassy knoll, "I'll listen—an it be not too long nor too tedious."

\* \* \* \* \*

The great round moon shone down full upon the waters of the Atlantic and a fair wind swelled the sails of the good ship *Queen Bess* as she tossed the foam this way and that from her prow. But I was in no mood to see the waters nor the stars as I leaned that night against the rail, my chin resting in my hands, gazing idly over the waters at the black horizon. I saw rather that herd of men and women, sad-faced and without hope, with which I had come aboard the day before, all alike bound for service in the tobacco fields of Virginia Colony. Some there were who had known the inside of many a gaol; others whom a luckless cast of fortune had sent to poverty; while a few there were like as I was, whom love itself had driven to

this fate. As I stood there, gazing out over the heavy blanket of waters, there came to my mind the memory of a day three weeks ago—that day upon which I had quarrelled with my father and so severed all the ties which bound me to him. There had been much talk of me and my maid at the manor-house, and I had long known that it pleased him but little to hear it. And so I was not surprised one morning when Master Morrison came to me to say that my father wished speech with me in private.

When I had come to him in his great room, trembling a little, I must fain admit, he motioned me to seat myself, and in a moment had it out of me that I would marry my maid, whether he cared or no. And when I had owned it he flushed angrily, and commanded me that I think no more of her. Then straightway I swore a great oath that I would make her my wife even that day, for all his protests. At that he looked at me for a moment in silence, dazed by my boldness, and then, rising, he strode over to where I sat. I saw him open his lips, and ere I knew what words he was to utter he had snarled at me that of my maid which I knew to be false. Blinded by rage I sprang to my feet and, scarce knowing what I did, I struck him full in the face, stretching him out on the stone floor, stunned and bleeding.

As I looked upon him lying there, the horror of what I had done chilled me. Yet in my pride and anger I aided him not, but leaving him as he was, walked away to my chamber at the end of the long hall.

There was but little more of life at my father's house after that for me to remember. Soon after what I have but now recounted Master Morrison came blubbering to me saying that my father had sworn to bind me as a redemptioner for seven years in the colonies, that there the heat of the sun and the lash of the overseer might drive the memory of my maid from me. Forthwith I sat me down and penned her a long letter, ill-writ and ill-spelled, relat-

ing all that I had done and swearing that when my term of service should be over then would I return and make her mine even as I had promised to do. This Master Morrison had sent secretly to her—for I was not even allowed from my room, so close was I watched—and a fortnight after I was brought to London to take ship for America. And never a word had my father spoken to me since that day I had struck him.

Now as I thought of all these things there came over me a great sorrow at leaving my native land thus, and for the first time I felt a love for my poor father, whose will I had ever crossed. And I could no longer bear the sight of the moon and the stars and the sea, so that I dropped my head on my arm to hide them from me. As I did this I heard a light step at my side, and a small, soft hand I felt slip into mine own. Quickly I raised my head and, ere I could know that 't was not all a dream, a voice I loved—even the voice of my maid—was saying softly:

"Aye, 't is even my silly lad again—for love of whom I too have left my father's house to become with him a redemptioner in Virginia Colony ——"

But I had caught her in my arms ere this—and only the moon and the stars may tell the rest.

*Walter Foote Sellers.*

## Editorial

**Vale!** The management of The Nassau Literary Magazine has again passed into other hands. That these hands are not unskilled in the work which is to be theirs—that we, who take up an untried task find it not altogether strange and foreign to our training is due, to a great extent, to those who have preceded us. For them we have only praise. They have labored conscientiously and well, and if, indeed, they may not have achieved the lofty ideals which they conceived, surely one does not so much find fault with them for this failure, as commendation for the heights at which they aimed. In this they have set a standard for us to reach, and if we, too, should fall short of what we intend, we can ask at the most but appreciation of what we do accomplish, and can only hope that the University at large will deal gently with our failings.

For one thing more than all others, we wish to express our gratitude to our predecessors. They have assisted each of us, personally, not only in our individual work for The Nassau Literary Magazine, but in gaining that most essential knowledge of the editorial functions without which so many boards have taken up the duties which now fall to us. For this, then, we thank them—for this and for their kindly criticism, their valuable suggestion, their lofty purpose, and, lastly, for that friendship and fellowship which they have so frankly extended to us. May the bond which holds us together remain always inviolate. May the best of the success which the world has to offer be yours, Men of the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Two!

**Of Ourselves** And now, having spoken more particularly as is seemly when acknowledging a debt, we wish to take the public into our confidence and deal to a certain extent with ourselves. This the University should expect, since it is only just that we make some statement of the policy which will govern our management

during the coming year. That policy is two-fold—contradictory, if you wish—but none the less well defined, for all that. We wish, in the first place, to remain conservative. The example which has been set us by sixty years of conservatism is, in our minds, worthy of emulation. You may say that the traditions of the past hold us, as they have heretofore held others, from advancement and from progress. If from radical progress, this is true. Rome was not built in a day. We seek only to add our quota to the making of a newer, more modern, more acceptable publication, which shall keep step with the onward advance of the University, which shall mirror the progress of the age in what we may call *The Nassau Literary Magazine* of the future. No one editorial board can hope to bridge over the gap made between old and new conditions when Princeton ceased to be the College of New Jersey. But if we can do some definite thing toward putting our charge more into harmony with the atmosphere of broadest development which has existed here since that time, we shall lay down our pens at the close of our service with satisfaction.

So we find that, in the second place, we desire to be progressive. Sixty years of conservatism are all very well, but when they mean decades of financial embarrassment and unpaid bills they become a source of shame and not of pride. If then we can also succeed in joining that almost infinitessimal minority of editorial boards making a commercial success of their enterprise, our satisfaction will indeed be boundless.

But to accomplish this, something more than our own endeavor is needed. We pledge you *that*. But, in return, we must seek aid of that great body of *honestissimi atque optimi viri* whom we know as Princeton Men. If they will aid us in the matter of our subscriptions, and, as some have already most faithfully done, in the matter of our advertisements—in short in the management of our finan-

cial affairs to an extent which will enable us honestly and successfully to conduct The Nassau Literary Magazine for the ensuing year, we promise the very best work of our heads and our hands, than which no man should ask more.

**And  
Our  
Contributors**

Yet to assure this, we must first confer with our contributors, since upon them we must depend for much of the material which is to fill these pages. To them, then, we may be permitted to say a few words. So far, the weakness of The Nassau Literary Magazine has lain largely in the field of fiction. We cannot simulate surprise at this condition: some of us have tried to write stories ourselves, and the difficulties which attach to such labor are therefore not altogether unknown to us. But the fact that they are unknown to the general reader, renders the task of improving this department more arduous, and makes us more than willing to share such knowledge as we may have gained with our contributors. With this purpose in view, we offer these suggestions, which may be found to apply to other provinces of literary endeavor than that of short story writing.

*Write what you know.* There is enough in the lives and experience of most of us to furnish the basis for a good story, or perhaps many good stories, if the facts be properly handled. Moreover, a description of a mental picture which is vivid and real to the writer is very apt to appeal to the reader; wherefore the local color of a story should be known to the teller of the tale. The gift of imagination is possessed of few, but the power of describing familiar scenes and events is not so uncommon as might be supposed.

*Write simply.* If tempted to include some word, phrase or incident of doubtful appropriateness in a story, it is often well to ask "What does it add?" If the answer be "Nothing," leave it out. A production is only marred by the presence of extraneous matter, however excellent that mat-

ter may be of itself. No better models can be taken by all of us who are as yet newcomers in the field of literary endeavor than Robert Louis Stevenson or Nathaniel Hawthorne. Their products were never machine-made. The advice of Horace is still good:

"In verbis etiam tenuis cautusque serendis,  
hoc amet, hoc spernat promissi carmini auctor."

*Write often.* To submit a first draft of a story to *The Nassau Literary Magazine* is to underrate the intelligence of its editors. Time and care alone insure an approach to perfection. When the most in the power of an author has been done with a theme, there is still room for improvement, and that improvement it shall be our pleasure to suggest, if we are able. Unfortunately what we alone can do will be only of minor importance. We may, indeed, suggest as we have done the names of literary men whose methods of labor it would be well to follow. Yet this, of itself, will profit nothing if the realization is lacking that writing is work, and that only because it is work it is pleasure. One more quotation from the "Ars Poetica" may be pardoned: it would serve so well for the motto of the man who writes—

" . . . carmen reprehendite quod non  
multa dies et multa litura castigavit ad unguem."

Finally, we are always at the command of our contributors. What assistance, encouragement or knowledge we may be able to render them, we shall be only too glad to bestow. If we can help, however little, those who submit their work to us, that, too, will be a source of satisfaction to us.

## Gossip:

### OF NOTHING IN PARTICULAR

"To do the office of a neighbour  
And be a gossip at his labour."

*Samuel Butler.*

"Siempre acostumbra hacer el vulgo necio  
De lo bueno y lo malo igual aprecio."

*Yriarte.*

"A gossip presenting an image of perpetual chatter."

*George Meredith (Diana of the Crossways).*

**A**GAIN a Gossip lays down his feathered pen and doffs his motley, and again a Gossip takes up that pen and dons that motley, noting with a mental sigh as he dons it the unsuitableness of the garment to his own mental stature. This intellectual misfit may be traced to the fact that during the past year or so a stretching process has been undergone — with the result that the garb is too large in every respect for the modest mental form of its present wearer.

The Gossip, as he cast about for writing material of the tangible order, was strongly tempted to adopt the custom that extends back through a long line of his predecessors to primeval times, that of writing wordily of that about which he was about to write. But on reflection he was moved to burst the bonds of time and chance, and gossip discursively in the present instance about nothing in particular. And as he pondered, there flashed before his mind the thought that perhaps this method was more in the spirit of his task than any other subject. With this thought came the question — What is Spirit, and especially *Princeton Spirit*? Back, ye carpers, ye who rap the eager freshman or prep. who sports his bit of orange and black ribbon with innocent pride. Retire and assume a more restful position, ye who discount all enthusiasm with your one cant phrase, "rah-rah." Let those who are interested keep their interest, but question yourselves whether this emanation of feeling is that something which we call *Princeton Spirit*. For who can define or locate it in its true essence unless he grasp in all its rightful significance the meaning of Princeton.

Princeton means, "We have won." Princeton means, "We will win." Princeton means, "We have men." Princeton means, "We will be men." Put the accent where you will and the result will be your idea of Princeton and Princeton Spirit.

The Gossip surmises that it is most proper here to set forth a species of prospectus, not unlike the varied and interesting advertisements of courses that greet one's eyes in *The Princetonian* along about the months of September and January. One feels sure that he is not departing from precedent a single jot, because an examination of back files show that it

is the custom to expend at least a page of torrid atmosphere upon this living question.

The reader, then, (or perhaps readers) may expect to flit with his Gossip from the grassy banks of Stony Brook to the far-off flanks of Mount Helicon, finding material for thought by rising to a higher moral plane, if so may be, and from there he shall sweep with a comprehensive gaze the whole University horizon. He shall observe all of the dainty and startling anomalies which present themselves to view, from the classic garbage boxes (pardon the expression) to the seductive music of the hat-bands playing on the front campus during senior singing. It is true, indeed, that as we climb to higher points the individual objects will become less distinct, but it is no less true on the other hand that we shall be able to see men and affairs in a more general and abstract way.

In his loquacious strain, then, the Gossip will strive to deal with these anomalies, serving them up in bon-bon form agreeable to the most cultured taste. Do not expect, however, to find in these pages only the marks made by a certain rapping instrument much used in the XVIII century; such marks you may readily find anywhere about the campus where two or three are gathered together.

Can you keep a secret? Of course you can. How well you have kept those old, old secrets that So-and-So is going to resign, or that compulsory chapel is to be abolished. Or perhaps you have heard that the Grounds Committee is about to introduce a new system of balloonage, or that Naughty-two are going to plant their class ivy within the stony precincts of Brown Hall. At any rate, shout this not from the house-tops, but Dame Rumor hath it that every one with energy enough to save ten covers of this magazine will be presented with a handsome sporting print. This trophy may be tacked up in your bedroom, and when your 98 cent alarm clock, that potent factor in present-day fiction, peals forth its clarion summons, your eye shall light upon your new acquisition as soon as you awake. Then it can be said with a sincere heart: "There, I've really bought ten Lits. Behold the tangible evidence."

The eager acceptance of this offer will go far toward proving that there is a revival among us, an aversion from things athletic to things literary, a return to that much vaunted period when the Halls were a power and every one paid his dues. Certain wiseacres may object to such a return, a retrogression they may call it. Yet what right minded person can do other than hail with joy the same conditions of a period when everybody read *The Nassau Literary Magazine*?

So as for four years we stroll through this wonderful show termed the University and watch the antics of the clowns, the crabbers, the pollers, the *bon vivants*, the good men and true, the Princeton men, the boot-lickers, the snobs—all rubbing elbows with each other and sometimes so intermingled in the hurry and bustle that it is well-nigh impossible to discover their real character—let us realize that after all it is but a show and a matinée at that. Let us wrap ourselves in a cloak of golden optimism and discover that the incongruities are only on the surface,

and that deep down beneath them all the great warm heart of the Mater Princeton is steadily beating.

But to divert from the serious and hie back to the frivolous—for the Gossip supposes that his stent must be tinged with a faint spirit of sarcasm, or perhaps of biting irony and roguish innendo, but most certainly characterized by an entire absence of hebetude.

So if you choose, dally in the laboratory with salts and acids, or absorb in Pol. Econ. the carefully constructed little tales about men so ravenous that they consume ten loaves of bread in as many minutes with a decreasing avidity, and of mythical regions where dwells a frugal tea-drinking farmer, carefully hoarding his bags of wheat to exchange them now and then for two and one-half pairs of shoes. But when you jump from off the Procrustean bed of the curriculum, turn to the Gossip and he will strive to do the office of a neighbour, and in sundry ways—will endeavor to gauge your sentiment and probe your feelings in the most approved style.

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### Melancholy

FROM the sweet bondage of thy liquid eyes  
 Mankind has ever striven to be free,  
 But turned at last a wearied glance to thee  
 When it has vainly sought the empty prize  
 Conferred upon the thoughtless who despise  
 The fruits of sorrow, spoils of agony.  
 Oh, Melancholy dark, descend and see  
 The flame upon thy altar ere it dies.

So wrap us all around with thy black wings,  
 Enfold us in the darkness of thy mind,  
 That we may taste thy joys, may learn thy way;  
 May we not try to seek for better things  
 And be not able better things to find,  
 But may we keep atouch with thee for aye.

*Raymond Boileau Mixsell.*

## Book Talk

*The House with the Green Shutters.* By George Douglas. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.50.

No more remarkable book has come under general observation for some time than Mr. George Douglas' *The House with the Green Shutters*—remarkable in force, power and realism of expression, remarkable, also in carelessness and immaturity of handling. It would seem that a writer capable of conceiving and presenting so truly the unavoidable result of mental one-sidedness, in the principal actors of his story, should have been able to keep clear of that common fault of many realists which is so often revealed through the fact that the characters depicted are types rather than personalities—personifications of characteristics rather than individuals. The line between excellence and mediocrity is most clearly drawn in the treatment of the lay figures of a novel, and however real may be Mr. Douglas' etching of the family in the house at the head of the brae, his minor characters are but marionettes, ever jerked with the same string. Nor is this the only criticism that can be made upon Mr. Douglas' book. His style is lamentably careless. He employs Scotch words which are strange and unfamiliar, not only in the dialect of his people (that should be legitimate enough) but he introduces them into his own descriptions and comments with little profit to his style and surely none to his readers. He strives toward the peculiar in word and phrase construction, seldom achieving a strong expression, and dwelling with annoying repetition upon weak ones. In short, Mr. Douglas fails to realize that strength of style consists largely in using known words well, and that it is amateurish to needlessly foist uncalled for neologisms and provincialisms upon his readers. There seems to be no reason why a pen-picture should not be as effectively drawn without employing such expressions as "the burly and gurly man," "firm and gawcy" or such adjectives as "Eastie" and "robustious," and one cannot help thinking that the pictures would be more clearly presented without them.

Yet however much such faults of style may detract from one's enjoyment of the story, the strength of *The House with the Green Shutters* is undeniable. In development of the theme it is logical and relentless—the conclusion reached is just and inevitable. The pictures of Scotch life which the author paints are vivid without being tiresomely minute and the sharp contrasts between his principle characters are forcefully drawn. It is not a pleasant story, though a useful one, and were it not for its faults of style might be expected to remain for an indefinite time in the public mind.

*The Conqueror.* By Gertrude Atherton. New York: The MacMillan Company. \$1.50.

It was in the natural sequence of events that the publication of "Blennerhasset" and its accompanying revival of Burriana should bring about a renewed interest in Alexander Hamilton. For the past hundred years these two names of Hamilton and Burr have been linked together in the minds of Americans, not because of any Damon and Pythias friendship existing between the two men, but, on the contrary, as a result of the tragic episode on the banks of the Hudson at the duelling ground in Weehawken, July, 11th 1803, when Hamilton life was snuffed out by the relentless Burr. Chiefest among the books which of late have appeared dealing with the life of the great financier is *The Conqueror* which is announced as a moralized biography of his romantic life. For him who seeks in the book a continuous story of the type of the now so popular "historical novel" disappointment awaits, for love occupies but few of the pages and swashbuckling deeds almost none. But for the reader who desires an intimate, life-like acquaintance with Alexander Hamilton and the men of his time, who is seeking a charming biography that reads with the sense and interest of the best of the historical novels, Gertrude Atherton's book will prove a rare treat. There is something absolutely refreshing in the natural manner in which the author presents her characters. Such men as Washington, Adams, Madison and a score of others, whom we have been accustomed to consider as distant statues never to be approached, are introduced to us in the drawing room, in the privacy of the home and—we were about to add—even converse with us, much as people of our own day. This is one of the greatest charms of *The Conqueror*, for the author has succeeded in bringing these men before us so that they interest us not from a historical standpoint, but as everyday human beings like ourselves.

It is rather a coincidence that Princeton should have been the choice of both Burr and Hamilton, though the latter was doomed to disappointment in regard to his Alma Mater. Coming from the West Indies endowed by nature with a brilliant mind, after a short period of preparation at Elizabetown he applied to President Witherspoon for permission to enter Nassau Hall as a special student, in order to complete his course in three years. But his request was denied and Kings' College (now Columbia) adopted the son that Princeton turned away. It was while he was in preparatory school at Elizabeth, by the way, that the seeds of Hamilton's patriotism were no doubt sown, for then, as a resident of Liberty Hall, he met and talked with John Jay Witherspoon, the Schuylers, the Stocktons, and countless others who filled his eager brain with rebel ideas.

It was on the morning of the battle that Hamilton again set foot in Princeton, and we quote this picturesque description of his entry into the town:

"Well do I recollect (wrote a contemporary) when Hamilton's com-

pany marched into Princeton . . . . At their head was a boy, and I wondered at his youth; but what was my surprise, when, struck with his slight figure, he was pointed out to me as that Hamilton of whom we have heard so much.

"I noticed (a veteran officer said many years after) a youth, a mere stripling, small, slender, almost delicate in frame, marching beside a piece of artillery, with a cocked hat pulled down over his eyes, apparently lost in thought; with his hand resting on a cannon, and every now and again patting it as if it were a favorite horse or a pet plaything."

After all, the most remarkable feature of Hamilton's genius was his versatility. He was a soldier, statesmen, and financier; a writer, a wit, and a "good fellow"—and it is this that makes a "novelized biography" of him possible. His universality is exemplified in his idea of the millennium:

"Some one to fight. Some one to love. Three warm friends. Three hot enemies. A sufficiency of food and wine. A West Indian swimming bath. Someone to talk to. Someone to make love to. War. Politics. Books. Song. Woman. A Religion. There you have the essence of the millennium, embroider it as you may."

All of these things were a part of his life, and all of them are treated of in *The Conqueror*. The reader will, perhaps, find some chapters dull—but they are short chapters; he will find many more that are of absorbing interest, and will, at the end, set *The Conqueror* away, that he may read it again some day.

*The Hound of the Baskervilles.* By A. Conan Doyle. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.50.

Mr. Sherlock Holmes, detective and specialist in tobacco, mud, newspapers and other necessities, has come to life again, despite his fall, sometime ago, from the heights of a cliff into a torrent of raging waters. It is just as well that Dr. Doyle makes no explanation for his hero's unexpected recrudescence, as the very first page of *The Hound of the Baskervilles* shows us the same old Sherlock, so naturally that we straightway forget the fact that we once mourned his death.

We find Dr. Watson, in his simplicity, endeavoring to fathom the mystery of a large wooden cane which he discovers is the great detective's study, and immediately there follows one of those old-time marvellous deductions by Holmes himself, which Dr. Watson receives with his customary astonishment. And so it continues throughout the book, with a dramatic climax in which Sherlock Holmes saves his reputation and the life of Sir Henry Baskerville by unravelling some very tangled skeins of clues.

Although Dr. Doyle has promoted his hero, so that his adventures now occupy a complete novel instead of a short sketch, as heretofore, Sherlock Holmes is not as interesting in *The Hound of the Baskervilles* as he was in most of his other adventures. There is too much

sensationalism in the book to keep it on a plane with Dr. Doyle's previous work and in many places it borders dangerously on the "penny dreadful" type of detective story. The author is not as successful as formerly in veiling the *dénouement* of his story, and the suspicion of the reader is very slightly directly against the convict Selden as the murderer of Sir Charles Baskerville, while Stapleton's actions early point toward him as the villain of the story.

Still, to really enjoy a good detective story, one must not attempt to fathom the mystery for himself, as a single look ahead will spoil the rest of the book. These stories of Sherlock Holmes must be read with the simplicity and trust of a Dr. Watson, and if approached with his spirit they will easily while away a pleasant hour.

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